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By RUSSELL EATON.
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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Neatly executed at short notice.

MAINE FARMER.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

How they use up Sheep in the West.

Ohio must be a great Golgotha for hogs, cattle and sheep. They kill hogs by hecatombs, and oxen by myriads, and what they do not salt down they tumble into big vats, and steam them up for the lard and the tallow. Sheep, too, have to come up to the slaughter by the ten thousands. ELLSWORTH, in his late report, gives the following statistics of sheep slaughtering. Messrs. HOLLISTER & BOALT slaughtered last year 5100, which they said yielded, on an average, nine pounds of tallow. Mr. Hollister slaughtered about 3800, which averaged seven and a half pounds of tallow each.

In Cleveland, Mr. MILLFORD states that 50,000 sheep will be slaughtered the present season. He gives the following schedule of cost and profits:

Cost of sheep, each,	\$1 12 1/2
Cost of slaughtering, &c.,	10
Total cost,	\$1 22 1/2
Average of tallow, 8 pounds, at 5 1/2 cts.,	44
3 lbs. of wool, each at 33 cents,	99
For hams,	5
Total value,	\$1 48
Total cost,	\$1 22 1/2
Total profit,	25 1/2

So that they get a pretty fair profit per head. If the English Government takes off their tariff on lard oil, it will open a large market for that article, and the way the pigs will have to bleed will be a temptation to old porkers. This manufacturing of lard oil from pigs, and of candles and soap from mutton tallow, will prevent our neighbors of the fat prairies of the far west from glutting our markets by their hogs and sheep, which they grow at a cheaper rate than we do, and thus our home market will remain undisturbed.

Cloth Glass for Hot Beds.

If you should wish to construct a hot bed this spring, and should not feel able, or not be in a situation to obtain a regular built glass sash or sashes to cover it with, you will find the following preparation a very good substitute. It is not quite so durable as glass, but answers very well while it does last.

Take common cotton sheeting of the size that you design the covering to be. Stretch it upon a frame, and apply the following substance, viz: take four ounces of pulverized dry white cheese, two ounces of white slacked lime, and four ounces of boiled linseed oil. Having mixed these three ingredients with each other, add four ounces of the white of eggs and as much of the yolk, and make the whole mixture liquid by heating. The oil will combine readily with the other ingredients, and the varnish will remain pliable and quite transparent. It will answer for many other purposes. Semi-transparent window curtains prepared in this way, and landscapes painted on them with dark colors, make a very pleasing appearance.

Teast from Potatoes.

As it is sometimes convenient to know more than one mode of making an article, we will give you an old method of making potato yeast, which we have somewhere met with. Boil potato, of the best and most meaty sort, (for poor, heavy, waxy potatoes are good for nothing for this business,) till they are thoroughly done and their skins begin to peel off. Strip off the skins, and mash them up very smooth, and put as much hot water to them as will make the mash of the consistency of common thick cream. Then add to every pound of potatoes two ounces of coarse brown sugar, or molasses will answer, and when blood warm, stir in for every pound of potatoes two spoonfuls of old or common yeast. Let this ferment for twenty-four hours.

A pound of potatoes will make in this way very nearly a quart of yeast, and which will keep well for three months—so the cook says. She also says you must lay your bread eight hours before you bake it.

A Cow and a Calf, and a Calf a Cow.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I see by the last Farmer, that my friend Dr. PIERCE, of Bowdoin, has seen a cow and three calves, and that they were all doing well. Well, that's comfortable.

You call that cow a prolific one. Well, if a cow at seven years old brings three calves and is called a prolific one, what do you put down the time I have, which brought her first calf (now about eighteen days old) before she was seventeen months and a half old? Shan't I christen her Victoria?

I would just say to friend P. that in the good old town of North Yarmouth, we "go it" on calves and pigs, and we aint slow in the hog line, as he can see that our neighbor Moas can give the Bath folks a shoot which weighed, when first dressed, seven hundred and eighty pounds.

Dr. as the cow and hog department is doing so well, I shall expect Mr. "Sheepfoot" will be looking rather sheepish about the time, unless the necessary "browsing" is furnished forthwith in the sheep department.

In behalf of the tribe,

Your old friend, E. G. B.

March 22, 1845.

An Irish paper says: "At present the Scotch poor are not fed, they exist on the recollection of what they ate in former years."

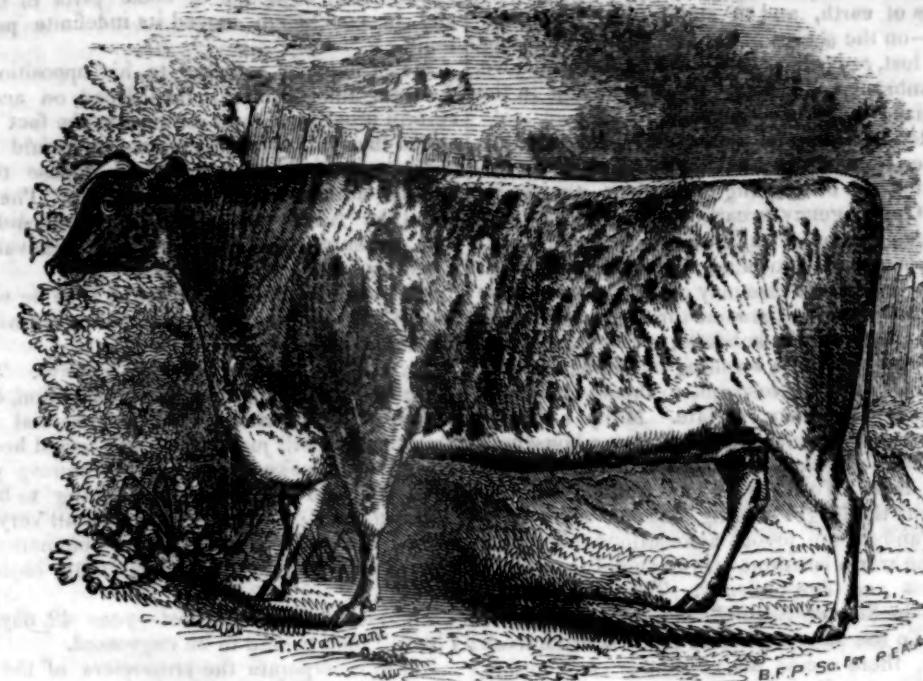
MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1845.

NO. 14.



Improved Short Horned Durham Heifer, Esterville.

Durham Stock.

We present our readers this week, with a portrait of one of the handsomest young belles of the barnyard, that they ever saw, we dare say. If they have seen a more beautiful one, where is it? We should like to put our eyes upon her, too.

It is the Improved Durham Short Horned heifer, Esterville, raised and owned by E. P. PRENTICE Esq., near Albany, N. Y. She is two years old, and took the first premium for two years old heifers, at the last Cattle Show of the New York State Agricultural Society, held in Poughkeepsie.

Some of our readers, who are curious in these things, would like to know her pedigree; so we copy from the Albany Cultivator the following.

We would just say, for the benefit of those who may never have seen the *big Octavos*, called a herd book, full of the names of Durham cattle, that the figures below refer to numbers in that work.

"She was sired in England by the Daniel O'Connell, (3557)—dam, Esterville, by Sir Alfred, (6469)—g. d. Amethyst, by Prince of Northumberland, (426)—g. g. d. Amazon, by Crusader, (934)—g. g. d. Amazon, by Sultan, (485)—g. g. g. d. Rolla, by North Star, (458) own brother to Comet, sold for \$1,000. Sir Alfred was, in 1840, sold to the King of France."

Having introduced you to her family connections, allow us to say, that Mr. PRENTICE has some of the very best Durhams in the Union, and that we have also some of his stock. Maine, in the person of Young Leopard, that was bought by our friend J. W. HAINS, of Mr. PRENTICE, and who has since sold him to some enterprising farmer in the town of Anson, in Somerset County. We do not know who he is, or we would give his name, for we like to publish the names of those who have spirit and enterprise enough to step out of the old track, and incur expense and trouble, in improving their stock. If we mistake not, this Young Leopard is out of the Short Horned cow, Appolonia, which has given three quarters of milk a day, for several weeks in succession, while in the full flow of feed.

That is rather better than most cows can do, but we have no doubt of the fact, being assured of it from such authority that we cannot doubt it.

We will now give the rules to be observed in raising and fattening them, founded wholly on our experience. Turkeys intended for breeders, must be kept well during the winter. If put in good condition, however, in December, it takes but little to keep them so. Their nests for laying must be made with hay or oat straw under cover, and well protected from the weather, and from vermin. When incubation commences, the turkey must not be disturbed, and if she does not come from her nest for food and water, she must have both placed by her on her nest. When the young turkeys are hatched, they may be allowed to remain one day on the nest, or if removed, let them be sheltered in a warm place, and plenty of straw for them to set upon, for they are now extremely liable to take cold. The second day feed them with cards, or warm clabbered milk mixed with a little Indian or barley meal. They must be kept up and fed in this way for two or three days, and longer if the weather should be cold or rainy, but as soon as a warm and pleasant day comes, let them out at nine or ten o'clock, and shut them up at four—and this practice of letting them out and shutting up must be followed for five or six weeks, and no account let them get wet. When a young turkey begins to drop there is but little hope for it. There is no danger of keeping them too warm. When they are five or six weeks old put a little grease on their heads to preserve them from lice.

Now it is very easy for our farmers to raise as handsome cattle as the above. All you have to do is to follow the same course—employ the same means—obtain the same breed—and take the same care of them as others do, and you accomplish it. It is all as plain as A B C. Only employ a little capital—a little faith—a good deal of industry—and a good deal of care, and the thing is done at once and without fulfilling these requirements, you can not accomplish anything of any consequence, in any sort of business whatever.

We may have occasion to say more on this topic, at some future time.

PIGIANA. ROBERT T. WHITTEN, P. M., writes us that Hon. JACOB MAIN, of Belgrade, recently slaughtered a porker which weighed, when dressed, seven hundred and sixteen pounds, and thinks that not bad for those "diggings."

GRAFTING CURRENTS.—The Gardener's Chronicle recommends for the pretty appearance presented as well as for improved flavor, to graft currants of different colors, as the red, black and white, variously intermixed, on stocks trimmed up to a single stem three or four feet high. The tops may be headed down to a dense compact head, or trained as espaliers in the horizontal or fan method, the two latter modes of training, by the free exposure to sun and air, much improving the quality of the fruit. The importance of trimming the bushes up to single stems to improve the fruit and facilitate clean culture, instead of suffering two hundred and fifty suckers to shoot up round into a dense brush heap, is very obvious to those who have tried both.

SUBSOIL PLOUGHS. In many soils, not otherwise rich enough for corn, it would be a good practice to make a furrow six inches deep in the fall, with a common plough, then let a subsoil plough run in this furrow ten or twelve inches more; and it would be still better to put corn stalks and other manure in this trench, and list in when thoroughly wet, with a small plough or hoe; the land to remain in this state till planting time. The subsoil plough is very valuable; by its use the soil will be less wet in great rains, and more moist in great drought. Where the subsoil is used, in comparison with only the common plough, the yield will be fifty per cent more, and the crop in dry weather always green. The subsoil plough has doubled and frequently trebled the crops. [Farmer and Gardener.]

It is stated that the daughter of Jephthah Sanborn, a judge of one of the new courts of Iowa, has shot two full grown bears the past winter. The animals came prowling about her father's premises in the absence of the men, when Miss S. took a rifle and shot them.

MARYLAND COAL.—Four hundred tons of coal from the Mount Savage mines have been ordered by the French authorities to be shipped to Port au Prince for the naval service, on account of its superior quality.

In the year 1664, a law was enacted by the colony of New England, Massachusetts, that "all persons who should stand outside the meeting houses during the time of divine service, should be set in the stocks."

Facts worthy of a Farmer's pondering on.

Mr. E. Comstock is engaged at present in publishing a series of *Essays on the products of the Dairy*, in the Albany Cultivator, from the 3d number of which, we abstract the following facts, and we take the more pleasure in encountering the labor of arraying them before our readers, because they treat of a branch of husbandry which, with care and attention, may be rendered highly lucrative, but which, generally speaking, is too sadly neglected.

Out of New England, and New York, none of the "Old thirteen States"—God bless them—can be said to pay much, if any, attention to the making of cheese, as a branch of their systems of husbandry, and yet, in most of them, according to the facts adduced by Mr. Comstock, cheese making might be pursued with decided advantage. And now to the facts, which are deserving of the more confidence, as Mr. Comstock derives them from the Report on Dairies of the New York State Agricultural Society.

Mr. Abraham Hall, of Floyd, Oneida county, has made the past season, from 40 cows, 23,427 lbs. cheese, and 200 lbs. butter. This is an average of 585-5-8 lbs. of cheese per cow, and if we add the butter, as 2 1/2 lbs. of cheese is equal to 1 lb. butter, we have the equivalent of 538 lbs. of cheese per cow. To accomplish this product, Mr. Hall has 100 acres in pasture of good quality, though not very abundant, and 52 acres in meadow. Mr. Hall's cows are supposed to consume about 2 1/4 tons of hay each year, as they are fed in stormy weather in summer, and have a full supply in winter. Mr. H. has not fed 6 bushels of grain to his cows, and has no doubt that these have yielded full 700 lbs. each in the past season. His cows have access to salt at all times; have been carefully selected, are regularly milked, and attended to in every respect.

2. Mr. Alonzo L. Fish, of Litchfield, Herkimer county, has made during the season previous to the 17th of Sept., an average of 592 lbs. of cheese per cow, and estimates the quantity for the season at 700 lbs. The average for the last three years from 25 cows, is 590 lbs. Mr. Fish also feeds the whey to his cows, and about the 1st of August, feeds cornstalks, raised broadcast, to keep up the flow of milk. In winter, his cows, in milk, receive daily 4 quarts of shorts or a peck of roots, in addition to their allowance of hay. The average money product of his cows for the last three years, has been \$41.40 a head, per year.

3. Mr. Elisha Baker, of Bridgewater, Oneida county, made, in 1843, an average of 592 lbs. of cheese per cow, and the 1st of December, 10,000 lbs. of cheese, and 1000 lbs. of butter, making an average of 500 lbs. of cheese and 50 lbs. butter from each cow.

In addition to hay and grass, his cows are fed with 2 quarts of oat meal mixed with whey from the dairy.

The foregoing are large yields—much larger than the average ones either in England or this country—but still they go to prove what can be done where care is taken in the selection and management of the cows, and as what has been done by some, may be done by others, so should no one who may enter into the business, be content until he has reached the maximum product, for without attaining that point the victory will remain unachieved. [Baltimore Farmer.]

Mr. GIBBS: It has been found difficult to cultivate Peaches, Rarberries and other stone fruit in this vicinity, because of the want of a proper degree of whiteness; and even the best of them are not so white as the *White Peach*.

Now it may be that this opinion is erroneous; and to test it in truth, I would recommend to those who have such trees, to adopt a course laid down by William Keen, Esq., of Newron, Mass., proprietor of a "celebrated Nursery" there.

In conversation with him a few days since, I called his attention to this subject, and he informed me, that by placing horse-manure, peat-mud, or end-grass around the base of the tree at the roots, while the ground is frozen, and letting it remain there until about the last of May, there is no trouble in making trees live and produce an abundance of fruit. The reason is obvious. By this process the frost is retained in the ground about the roots, which prevents the sap from flowing, until the weather becomes sufficiently warm, as not to chill it in the branches, as is the case generally where this process is not followed, which is the cause of the death of the trees. I would recommend to those who cultivate fruit to try it.

[Dover (N. H.) Gazette.]

EXCRETORY DUCT OF THE FEET OF SHEEP. Chancellor Livingston, 1st President of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, says the legs of sheep are furnished with a duct, which terminates in the fissure of the hoof; from which, when the animal is in health, is secreted a white fluid, but when sickly, these ducts are stopped by the hardening of the fluid. He says he has in some instances found that the sheep were relieved, by merely pressing the orifice of the duct in each foot; it may in some cases be proper to place their feet in warm water, or to use a probe or hand brush for cleansing this passage.

In December the turkeys will be large enough to fatten, and for this purpose select as many as you please, and shut them up—next take to the mill a few bushels of ears of Indian corn and have it ground—then boil potatoes, and mix the meal with the scalding water and potatoes in a tub, say in the proportion of one bushel potatoes to one peck or more of meal, and stir them well together, then let it cool, but give it to the turkeys as warm as they will bear it, and as much as they will eat, and in two weeks and a half they will be fat enough for market, and for an alderman dinner.

We do not take this from books, but from several years' experience. We kept an exact account of the expense of raising and fattening a flock, and at the rate of ten cents a pound full dressed—we received \$272, while our cost exclusive of sour milk, was less than \$10. If any farmer does not wish to be at the special trouble of raising them, but should have a small flock to fatten, that have lived "in spite of wind and weather," let him adopt our rules of fattening, and he will "have much corn." On a large farm, and with a large yard and a buttery dairy with proper attention we believe it may be made a leading business to great profit.

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[Continued from fourth page.]

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1845.

Steam! Steam! Steam!

men, it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you." Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson returned to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boat's crews showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves. "How's this my lads," said he in a loud tone that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; "you did wrong to flog those gentlemen rope haulers; you should have doused your peak to them. I say Capt. Stanley," he added as the latter came into his boat, "don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our own fight good naturally, eh?"

The Englishman, however was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

"We have taken out all the schooner will store of the Indian's cargo, sir," reported Townsend, as Benson came on board. "Very good" replied Benson; "muster all hands astern here." Few words sufficed to explain his plan and it was rapidly put in execution. All the English prisoners, including Capt. St. John were put into the cabin of the Indian, and the companion-way, sky-lights, dead lights and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next, all her sheets, tacks and halyards were stoppered and unrove, and her studding sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove to, and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stoppered and unrove; and everything being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indian was off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships, and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the Sloop-of-war. The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indian, then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat was soon run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away stood N. N. W.; thus keeping her prize between herself and the Sloop. The Indian meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man of war, and the latter was so nearly in her course that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of her way in time, for had the Indian yawed two points, she would have run him slap aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was not exactly a "consummation to be wished." By this time also Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indian's deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawned upon him; he became aware that it was not so easy to take possession of the Indian, she having a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his operations were arranged, she had whizzed astern him, and was off to the southwest at twelve knots an hour. This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer which had now gained good start to the windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indian, for to leave her in her present condition, would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many heartful excavations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a 42 pound shot to inform him of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern chasers, so that it looked altogether amazing, as he was running away from the schooner. It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails below and aloft and cracking on everything in chase of the Indian; for to fire upon her would do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew, so that it was altogether quite a romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill, to put your foot upon them would stop them doubtless, but it would probably break them in the bargain. Accordingly the Danes and the Yankees exulted greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he guessed their thoughts, from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the petitions if granted, will materially affect the scamps aforesaid, on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indian meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was next necessary to board her, and this too, was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway, would rasp one another finely, if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly; so here was another peck of troubles. Capt. Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indian, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away the braces, the stays, and shrouds followed; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indian suddenly yawed, and in an instant was laying alongside his starboard side afoul. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and in consequence, down thundering came the masts and yards of the Indian, the greater part upon the deck of the sloop-of-war; so that on the whole, Stanley was quite decently peppered; while to crown all, the farewell 42 pound shot from the privateer as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing thro' his taffrail.

PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN. One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any part of the body. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut down to the *corpus callosum*, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but has no longer a mind. It cannot think or feel, it requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there, it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain called the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of that low degree called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.—Wigan on the Quality of the Mind.

SOCIAL MONITOR AND ORPHANS' ADVOCATE. This is the title of a little paper published once a month, away "up to Boston," by Miss A. FELLOWS and Miss E. C. FELLOWS, and "devoted to Domestic Education, and the purification, elevation and improvement of Social Life." It is an excellent paper; and the industry and perseverance manifested by these ladies in so good a cause, lead us to wish them abundant success in their enterprise, and also of them a good husband to boot.

BRITISH HUSBANDS MUST LOOK OUT. A cargo of broom-handles has been recently shipped to England. It seems some Yankees are raising broom-corn in Ohio to ship to England. As broom-handles and broom-corn, when separate, pay no duty, they send them over, and afterwards employ persons to manufacture the brooms. It takes the Yankees to broom John Bull.

SUIT THEM UP TIGHT.—The New Orleans Picayune says that thirteen men of color, that came from the free States as seamen, were yesterday put in prison, in pursuance of the act forbidding free men of color to come within the limits of the State. That's glorious and brave! you are afraid of a free negro; and the dough faces of the North say amen! Shut 'em up, brother Sugar Cane; don't let 'em disrupt our free institutions.

SHIPPING ON DRY LAND. A scheming Englishman has broached a plan of carrying merchant ships from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, across the Isthmus of Suez, on a railroad. We should like to see a big ship "streaking it" across the desert, like a wild demon, twenty knots an hour.

MOUNTAIN OF SERPENTINE.—A mountain composed of serpentine has been discovered in Vermont. This is a very beautiful rock, takes a fine polish, and its variegated colors cause it to be much sought for, in order to make tables, mantles, &c.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on the 2d of March, there was good sleighing in the streets. The Lake was free of ice, and steamboats left regularly.

The Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia, was set on fire by a spark from a locomotive, on Monday, and entirely destroyed.

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THE PRIDE OF KENNEBEC. Monmouth, Down East, is a glorious town; we have always known it ever since we knew anything. It has produced some very great men, (letting alone our illustrious self,) and a lot of pretty fair women too. Honors are heaping upon this good old town from every quarter. Dr. Robinson, author of the play of the Reformed Drunkard, which has had such a tremendous run in this city and elsewhere, also the author of several other highly popular works, is a native, and till lately a resident, of Monmouth. Then there is Irene Nichols, the pretty Factory Girl, who won the affection of Herrira, and who is now Presidentress of Mexico, and revelling, as the politicians say, "in the Halls of Montezuma." Last, not least, is Benjamin Clough, who re-captured the whale ship Sharpon, in so gallant a manner, in the South Seas,—of him, us, and a hundred other first rate lads, and queenly lasses, in speaking of Monmouth, it will be said, should they have been in her!?"

Thus writes Mr. COCHRAN, of the Boston Olive Branch. Monmouth is a good town, and for aught we know, may be "the pride of Kennebec." But as to "queeny lasses," we presume she's not more popular in this department, than her sister towns—for the fact is, you can't poke your phiz inside of a mansion nor a log cabin in old Kennebec, without seeing one or more of these natural man charms. They are as "thick as a hasty pudding," pretty as new born butterflies, and as sure captors of unsophisticated hearts, as one would be of burning his fingers if he should take up a piece of red hot iron, mistaking it for a beet. As Ezra Doolittle would say, they're handsome enough to make a fellow wrinkle right up into a double breasted yellow consumption, and have warts as big as hens' eggs on his disposition! Ugh! we shiver to think on't.

[Note. Sheepfoot said that. We are too old to be confounded in that way by all the mortal beauty in christendom. Ed.]

ORIGINAL.

Solitude among Strangers.

No one, who is accustomed, at times, to retire from the busy world, and wander in some secluded spot, some grove, or dell, far from the haunts of men; is ignorant of the peculiar meaning of the word, solitude. It is indeed pleasant, sometimes, when "the soul's in tune," to thus wander forth, and hold sweet intercourse with nature in her retired and silent recesses. It is pleasant to hold uninterrupted communion, for a time, with her in various and beautiful works. The soul is wont, at such a time, to flow out in aspirations after purity of heart and life. It forsakes all the meane objects of pursuit, and, surrounded with calm beauty, and holy quiet of nature's works, is led to "look through nature up to nature's God."

There is another kind of solitude, which is painful and oppressive to the heart. We feel its influence, when the cares of this life multiply upon our hands; when adversity takes away the joy of the present, and the cold, unfeling world seems to look forbiddingly upon us. We feel it too, when, we whom we have been accustomed to regard and confide in as our friend, lifts up his heel against us, and joins himself to the number of those who would do us harm. We feel it in the gay saloon and poorest hut alike, when the heart is weighed down with care, or some secret sorrow oppresses the brain.

Man is a sympathetic being. His soul longs for communion with something akin to its own loveliness. One cannot well exist without imbibing and being swayed, to some extent, by this strong feeling of our nature. And if we do not obtain it, if the world passes us by, in its eager pursuit of the phantom of life, it leaves us in an aching void impossible to be filled. What to us is the beauty of the landscape if we are forever to be alone—if we are never to have some sympathetic heart to beat in unison with our own? What to us is the wealth of the Indies, if there be none to partake of it with us—if we are to sullenly retire from the world, and to "finish our journey alone?"

It has happened to me to be, in my day, a great wanderer. I have wandered up and down our land, and beheld many of the interesting things it has to show us. I have seen many and various exhibitions of human nature. I have been acted upon by the various influences which bear upon the mind of man. I have known what it was to experience, in its various forms, the reality which is represented to the mind by the word solitude; yet have I never, at any time, been so fully impressed with its import, as when, far from home and friends, I have been surrounded by thousands of strangers. It is truly sad to look upon numerous strange forms, each hurrying on eagerly intent upon its own object of pursuits, and be able to discover no old familiar face, which can cheer you with its well-known appearance. It is sad to feel utterly alone, and be assured that there is no one in all the vast throng before you, who cares for, or sympathizes with you. Our hearts sink within us, and we are ready to cry out surely, "man does not fear man!"

At such a time how does the mind revert to the happy countenances and glad voice of far distant friends. How pleasing to call them up, one by one, and live over again, in imagination, the happy hours we have spent in their society. How eagerly does the mind run back to the home of our childhood, and revel in its innocent, joyous scenes. How does the heart yearn for the sight of one's natal hills, and meadows, and swiftly gliding streams! How does it promise itself, if ever returned safely to their sacred precincts, to return the incense of thankfulness to the Author of all good, and to endeavor for future time to live their lives worthy of so great a blessing.

EPHEBES.

No. 3, Rural Avenue, Farmington.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About half past 2 o'clock, on Sunday morning, our citizens were again aroused by the cry of "Fire." The wooden buildings on the corner of Cross and Middle streets were found in full blaze, and so fierce was the destructive element that the best efforts of the Fire Department could not save them, and they were totally destroyed, but its further progress stopped.

The buildings were owned by Mr. James Deering, and fully insured for \$1500— and occupied by Mr. Hall, shoe dealer, whose insurance nearly covers his loss; by Mr. S. Boothby, hat, cap, and fur dealer, loss about \$1500 besides his books, insurance \$1000; by Messrs. John Nash & Son, brush manufactory, well insured; and by Mrs. Nash, fancy goods and millinery, loss 4 or \$500, and no insurance. How the fire originated is uncertain. Circumstances have led some to suppose it to be the work of an incendiary.—[Portland Argus.]

THE INDIAN FIGHT.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligence of the 4th inst., says:—

"The skirmishes which we spoke of last week as having taken place between a portion of the Pawnee Indians and a party of Creeks, ends to have been between the Osages and Creeks. The excitement is very great in the Creek nation. Capt. Boone was ordered to the place of action with his company of dragoons, and two companies of infantry, who have proceeded to his assistance."

Capt. Ozias Bingham, a revolutionary relic, died recently in Pennsylvania, in the 95th year of his life.

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DEATH OF MRS. N. P. WILLIS. We learn with sincere regret, from one of the morning papers, that Mr. Willis, of the Mirror, had the heavy misfortune of losing his wife by death, last evening, (23d ult.) Mr. Willis married in England; and often, when we have met him walking in Broadway, with his wife's companion, we have thought upon the woman's devotion which sustained and cheered her in her severance from country and kindred—never without a hopeful wish that a "long life of happiness" might be the sure equivalent for all she had given up. Youth and beauty we knew to be a portion of the dower she had brought her husband; and we had heard that they were accompanied in rich measure by the graces of mind and heart. It is a heavy blow below which Mr. Willis is called upon to exercise his fortitude. [N. Y. Advertiser.]

The following beautiful and touching passage, says the Golden Rule, appeared in the Evening Mirror, of Thursday, in allusion to the death of the accomplished wife of the editor, N. P. Willis.

"Smitten of God."

"Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?"

Who has not felt—when one dearly beloved has been snatched away—an inclination to forget all the things of earth, and stand idle—helpless—stricken—on the shores of Time, gazing, longing, after the lost, regardless of all that is left; all love, all remembrance, all hope—swallowed up in the one agonized sense of bereavement?

"Smitten of God, and bereaved,"—was not this, too, written by one who knew of what he spoke?—who had felt the bitter pang of parting—the awful sense of God's agency in earthly sorrow—the struggle between passionate regret and holy submission?

The human soul knows no variety in sorrow for the dead. Whatever else may change in the course of Time, this remains the same throughout the ages. Paul, the sainted, the subdued, wrote not these tender words without a swelling of the heart; and many a mourner since responds to them with tears.

Death has been busy, of late. Many a tender flower—many a "shining mark"—many a household stay and comfort—has been snatched away within a few short days. To many of our friends and fellow citizens the bright Spring heavens seem hung in black, and all the joyous associations that came up with the warm sunshine are changed to images of sadness and despondency. The idea of "a gloom on the face of Nature" is not a mere poetic fiction. To the mourner whose grief is in its fresh bitterness, there seems an absolutely perceptible shadow—like a pall of dark vapor—spread over the gayest objects. Nothing looks as it used. The heart sees not like the careless eyes. We feel as if the sun could never shine again for us.

The loss lately sustained by one of the Editors of this paper, (now absent,) is one in which a large circle of friends are deeply interested, and to them no praise of the dead could seem exaggerated. If there ever lived a person of whom it could be said "Nay knew her but to love her," it was the young, lovely, and accomplished and excellent person, who has been so suddenly removed. But this is not the place for her eulogy, though it would be read with tears warm from many hearts.

Trial of Mr. Fairchild.

Judge Washburn delivered his charge to the jury on Saturday morning, occupying something over two hours. He defined the law and recapitulated the evidence, and enjoined the jury to discharge their duty fearlessly, without regard to the position of the defendant on one hand, or any prejudice received out of court, on the other. The charge was scrupulously impartial. The jury retired about a quarter before eleven, and about six o'clock, P. M. they returned with a verdict of *not guilty*.

When the verdict had been rendered, Mr. Fairchild arose, and asked if he had permission to speak to the court. He was answered that any remarks upon his case were in order, when he went on to say, that he had come here under the load of condemnation inflicted by an ecclesiastical tribunal in another state. Here he had been associated in the ministry for many years,—he was among his friends and also among his enemies. He had felt, as a privilege, that he was in the state of Massachusetts—in the Old Bay State,—renowned for her love of justice, and he had not feared to trust his case with a jury of his countrymen. He thanked the court for the forbearance and kindness which it had shown towards him,—the county attorney for his civility and gentlemanly treatment,—expected he gave thanks to the jury for the patience which they had exhibited during the tedious details of the trial, and to his own counsel, for the fidelity and devotion with which they had sustained his cause, and he closed with a solemn appeal to his Maker and his Judge, before whom all must appear, and before whose tribunal he should assert his innocence, as fearlessly as before that tribunal which had arraigned him here. He then retired, with his wife and son.

Notwithstanding the length of time between going out and the return of the jury, a large number of persons assembled to hear the verdict, and when Mr. Fairchild made his appearance at the door of the court-room, on his way to his carriage, Court-square was filled with people, and he was received with loud and hearty cheers, which continued until the carriage was out of sight. This sort of approbation may not always be the need of right, but it must be understood that it came from persons who had thronged the court-house during the trial, who had heard the evidence and listened to the arguments, and who delivered their verdict as honestly and conscientiously as did the jury, before whom he was technically tried. The change which has taken place in the minds of the community with regard to Mr. Fairchild, has arisen partly from the character of the evidence against him,—upon which, or upon anything similar to which, one would not hang a dog; and partly from the fact that he came here, disowned, deserted, condemned, almost unanimously by the religious community with which he had been connected, liable to suffer from the prejudices of juries, and waiving the technicalities of the law, which would confine the government to a simple act of crime, and compel them to prove upon the stand, its commission, he opened the whole ground and gave to the government counsel permission to prove upon him *any act*, by which he had offended the law. He has been acquitted. Guilty or innocent, he has passed through a severe ordeal, sustained throughout mainly by the presence and support of the person who was most injured and sinned against, if he was guilty, and whose conduct certainly has been beyond all praise.

[Boston Courier.]

FIRE AND HORRIBLE DEED.—Our community was again aroused by the cry of "Fire." The wooden buildings on the corner of Cross and Middle streets were found in full blaze, and so fierce was the destructive element that the best efforts of the Fire Department could not save them, and they were totally destroyed, but its further progress stopped.

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Doings of the Legislature.

TUESDAY, March 25.

SENATE.—Mr

From the New York Mechanic.

Horrible Catastrophe!

"In the midst of life we are in death."

A most dreadful and heart-rending disaster occurred on Monday last, about 5 o'clock, P. M., at the foundry of Mr. Edward Duvall, No. 102 Charlton street, who, with two other individuals, were instantly killed, and several dangerously wounded by the explosion of a bombshell in the hands of Mr. Duvall, who was engaged in removing its contents when the fatal accident took place. It appears that Mr. D. had purchased about ten tons of old shells, shot, and balls, from Mr. Bartleson, keeper of the Light House at Sandy Hook, who has been in the habit, for some time past, of raking the bay adjacent, for old iron, &c., (which has been deposited there by experimental gunnery from vessels of war at various times) which was brought up to the city that morning. Suspecting some of them to be loaded, the unfortunate purchaser had removed the cap, and was emptying the contents of one of the shells into the gutter, when the explosion occurred, and he was literally torn to fragments, having one arm and both legs severed from his body, and otherwise horribly mangled. He leaves a young wife and mother to mourn his untimely death. Mr. Aaron O. Price, a builder, residing at 79 Thompson street, who was conversing with Mr. Duvall at the time, was also killed by a blow from a heavy piece of the shell, which, striking him on the back of the head, completely crushed his skull, and when found, was lying on the side walk entirely lifeless, his hands not having been removed from his side pockets; his horse, also, a valuable animal, which was standing near, was instantly killed. Mr. P. has left a wife and one child. The third victim was a young man by the name of Richard Broderick, about 17 years of age, who, with one of his associates, was passing by at the time, when he was struck with a piece of the shell, which, cutting through a portion of his neck, completely severed the jugular vein, and otherwise injuring him, causing his death in a few minutes. Another lad, Robert Bennett, of 280 Hudson street, was thrown into the air and both his legs broken above the knee, probably rendering amputation necessary. One of his arms is also broken, and his life is in imminent danger. The following particulars we gather from the Express, of Tuesday:

"Traces of the exploded shell are visible on the adjoining houses and blinds, and the indentations upon the walls of the neighboring brick houses bear fearful evidence of the force of the explosion. The windows in every direction are shattered, and the side walks covered with glass; in some cases, the center frames are broken in. Blood stains the pavement in front of the ill-fated shop. Inside of it lay the mutilated remains of Mr. Duvall, and in the dwelling house over it are heard the frantic cries of his widow. The lifeless trunk was laid out in its grave-clothes, deprived of both arms and a leg, the body shockingly mutilated, and the face blackened with powder.

"We learned at the spot this morning, that six more shells had been found, loaded to the muzzle, where the one exploded.

It is only a miracle that others did not explode, especially when all were dropped together upon the pavement, by the carmen. The premises are in the custody of the Municipal Police, and doubtless these dangerous missiles will be removed to some place of safety."

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Further particulars of the affray at Hanover.—The Old Colony Memorial says:—Dowlan, the third man shot, is still living, and his recovery is probable. We learn from one of the Coroner's Jury that he measured the distances from the house at which each of the persons fell. James Stapleton fell 30 feet from the house, and Patrick Stapleton 8 feet distant. It appeared from the blood upon his brother James, probably to ascertain whether he was dead, and from the fact that he fell between his brother and the house, that he might have been returning toward the door when shot.

An examination of Enos Bates took place at Hanover, on Thursday afternoon, of the particulars of which we have no information, except that he was discharged.

A great number of persons, supposed by some to have been near one thousand, collected around Perry's house, on Tuesday. The demolition of the house was threatened, but after taking it about five barrels of different kinds of ardent spirits, which were poured upon the ground, the people dispersed.

Thus has been broken up by an awful tragedy an establishment which has been "the terror of the neighborhood, and which has set at defiance the most vigorous efforts to obtain its discontinuance by any legal course.

The whole matter will be examined by our legal tribunals, and we have no disposition to prejudice the unfortunate individual criminated by any further comments.

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A twenty minutes past ten, the time of writing, the Coroner is holding an inquest over his body, but we do not wait for the verdict. We have just returned from the inquest, and all the above facts are substantiated. A wallet containing \$1635 was found on his person, and a pocketbook which he was said to have yesterday, containing a large lot of bills, is missing. The tax book contained in his coat pocket was taken out by the murderer, examined and returned.

The selectmen have offered a reward of \$500 for the detection of the perpetrator of this foul deed.

Our citizens are in the greatest state of excitement and alarm. Constables and sheriffs are out in every direction, in pursuit of the murderer."

Poisoned her Husband.—Mrs. Van Valkenburg, of Perth, Fulton County, New York, murdered her husband a few days ago, by giving him poison in his tea. In her efforts to escape from the officers of justice, she fell from the loft of a barn and broke her thigh, dislocated her shoulder and was otherwise injured. She has since confessed the murder.

Boiler Burst.—The boiler of the locomotive attached to the train of cars from Baltimore exploded with great violence at the depot at Sykesville, Md., on Thursday last. Fortunately no person was killed. The fireman was thrown to the top of the wood car, but not hurt, and the engineer, that ubiquitous personage, John Smith, was badly scalded and bruised. None of the passengers were any injured.

THAMES TUNNEL SURPASSED.—We find the following extraordinary account in a letter from Marcellis in the Debats:—"There has been long known, or believed to exist, at Marseilles, a tunnel or submarine passage, passing from the ancient Abbey of St. Victor, running under the arm of the sea, which is covered with ships, and coming out under a tower of Fort St. Nicholas. Many projects for exploring this passage have been entertained, but hitherto no one has been found sufficiently bold to persevere in it. M. Joyland, of the Ponte Chaussees, and M. Mataynes, an architect, have, however, not only undertaken, but accomplished this task. Accompanied by some friends and a number of laborers, they went, a few days ago, to the abbey, and descended the numerous steps that led to the entrance of the passage. Here they were the first day stopped by heads of the ruins of the abbey. Two days afterwards, however, they were able to clear their way to the other end, and came out at Fort St. Nicholas, after working two hours and twenty minutes. The structure, which is considered to be Roman, is in such excellent condition that in order to put it into complete repair a cost of no more than 500,000 francs will be required; but a much larger outlay will be wanted to render it serviceable for modern purposes. This tunnel is deemed much finer than that of London, being formed of one single vault of 60 feet span, and one fourth longer."

ARREST.—It is stated in the New York Commercial, that one of the cabin passengers who came out in the packet ship Westminster, from London, has been arrested, charged with embezzlement of £2000 sterling. When the ship appeared off Sandy Hook she was boarded by two police officers, from a pilot boat, who remained on board until the ship reached the wharf, when they made the arrest. The gentleman had his wife and two children with him, and had been a great favorite during the passage. Only £700 were found in his possession.

[*Mercantile Journal.*]

FROM RIO JANEIRO.—*I was supposed Slaver.*—The bark Mazzetta, Capt. Millington, arrived at New Orleans on the 15th inst., after a short passage from Rio Janeiro, having left that port on the 28th January. Capt. M. informs us that four days previous to his sailing, the American ship Porpoise, was seized by the U. S. Consul at Rio on suspicion of having been engaged in the slave trade. It was uncertain, when Capt. M. sailed, whether the Brazilian Government would give her up, as she had got into port previous to her seizure. She was placed under charge of the U. S. ship of war *Raritan*.

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STEEL PENS.—When these have been punched out of the softened sheet of steel by the appropriate tool, fashioned into the desired form, and hardened by ignition in an oven, and sudden quenching with cold water, they are best tempered by being heated to the requisite spring elasticity in an oil bath. The heat of this bath is usually judged by the appearance to the eye; but this point should be correctly determined by a thermometer, according to a scale; and then the pens will acquire a definite degree of flexibility or stiffness adapted to the wants and wishes of the consumers. They are at present tempered too often at random.

[*Ure's Arts, Manufactures, &c.*]

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Woman's Love.—In the damp and gloomy prison of Perote, says the Philadelphia Gazette, where Santa Anna is confined, while former parasites have deserted him, friends to honor, and those who shamed him, friends to dishonor, and in cases where I have witnessed its operation, I consider it one of the most deplorable and painful inflictions of which I have been made. There is one attached and faithful friend, who still shares his captivity, and strives, by a thousand little acts of kindness and affection, to soothe his sorrows—that friend is his young wife. What a mystery is woman's love—and what depths of feeling are hidden in the wells of her affection!

[*Boston Pilot, March 25.*]

Flour.—Ohio, quick. Sales comprising nearly 500 bbls, at prices ranging from \$4.55 to \$6.50, the latter mostly for New England, and fancy \$4.50 to \$5.75.

Grain.—Sales of the week about 20 to 30,000 bushels, Yellow Flat, \$2.50 to \$4.50, and White 47¢ to 49¢ and 49¢; Marenous, \$2.50 to \$3.50.

Brighton Market, March 24.

Prices.—**Beef.**—Some very extraordinary cattle were at market, and a yoke or two brought as high as any last week. We quote extra \$5.50 to \$5.75; first quality \$5 to \$5.25; second quality \$5.75 to \$6; third quality \$4 to \$4.25.

Working Oxen.—We noticed sales at \$65 to \$72, \$78, \$85, @ \$105, @ \$125.

Sheep.—Sales from \$3 to \$4.50.

Swine.—Lots to peddle from 4 to 40c. for Sows, 6c. for Barrows, large Barrows 5 and 5½c. At retail, 5 and 6c.

Boiler Burst.—The boiler of the locomotive attached to the train of cars from Baltimore exploded with great violence at the depot at Sykesville, Md., on Thursday last. Fortunately no person was killed. The fireman was thrown to the top of the wood car, but not hurt, and the engineer, that ubiquitous personage, John Smith, was badly scalded and bruised. None of the passengers were any injured.

Symneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted home,
There dwelt in joy in Eden's rose bower!
The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—ill woman smiled!

In Hallowell, by Geo. M. Weston, Esq.
John Brett of Augusta, to Miss Caroline Kimball of Hallowell, by Rev. E. Thurston, Mr. William B. Littlefield to Mrs. Eunice Norcross.
In Gardiner, Mr. Richard T. Barnes to Lydia Thompson.
Bath, Capt. Peter Briggs to Miss Rebecca A. Higgins.
Georgetown, Mr. Robert Follins, of Portland, to Miss Ann Maria S. Emmons.
In Boothbay, Capt. Samuel Reed to Miss Matilda Jane Hodgdon.
In Foxcroft, Mr. William Harriman of Sebec, to Miss Hannah Pratt.
In Bangor, Mr. Daniel Fickett of Harrington, to Miss Cynthia S. Wing.
In Portland, Mr. Charles Fields of Freeport, to Miss Ruth A. Rice of Scarborough.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untroubled shore,
And the race of immortals begin.

In this town, on the 25th, by Geo. M. Weston, Esq.
John Brett of Augusta, to Miss Caroline Kimball of Hallowell, by Rev. E. Thurston, Mr. William B. Littlefield to Mrs. Eunice Norcross.
In Gardiner, Mr. Richard T. Barnes to Lydia Thompson.
Bath, Capt. Peter Briggs to Miss Rebecca A. Higgins.
Georgetown, Mr. Robert Follins, of Portland, to Miss Ann Maria S. Emmons.
In Boothbay, Capt. Samuel Reed to Miss Matilda Jane Hodgdon.
In Foxcroft, Mr. William Harriman of Sebec, to Miss Hannah Pratt.
In Bangor, Mr. Daniel Fickett of Harrington, to Miss Cynthia S. Wing.
In Portland, Mr. Charles Fields of Freeport, to Miss Ruth A. Rice of Scarborough.

The Muse.

From the Boston Courier.

Ballad of the Alarmed Skipper.

"It was an ancient mariner."

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket shippers had a plan,
Of finding out, though lying low,
How near New York their schooners ran.

The custom was, to grease the lead,
And then by night through the night,
Knowing the soul that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper grey, whose eyes were dim,
Could not, by reason, see the spot,
And so before he'd "raise the gimb" —
After, of course, his "something hot."

Smot his berth, at eight o'clock,
This was the time he might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock —
He slept, — and sleepers sleep profound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead, —
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, it was Joshua Marden's watch;
A wag was in the pothole's son,
And so he snored, (the wanton wench)
To-night I'll have a gnat of fun.

We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows by tasting
What ground he's on, —Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck, (a parsnip bed,)
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? please to taste?" —
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprang!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden —
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are,
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

The Story Teller.

Cruise of the Sparkler.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer schooner *Sparkler*, which had been condemned for eight and forty hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the Northwest, and made all sail for the Southward and Eastward. She was of that class of vessels, designated in nautical parlance, "Baltimore Clipper," and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical form to perceive that she was well worthy of her name—about two hundred tons in burden, long, low and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam, while her beautiful tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky.

Upon her snow-white decks which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve pounders, eight on each side, not run out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but stowed fore and aft, while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colors, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fell's Point, bound to the Spanish Main. In addition to her batteries, she mounted midships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass racks, arm chests and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the beam, showed she was well prepared for close quarters, and to finish by boarding the work cut out by the great guns. She was within, well manned. Of her crew of one hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail, and in their dark faces and muscular forms as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily upon men who would fight to the death in defense of their striped and spangled bunting. The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicely, but wearing a common taupaulin, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard quarter-deck for half an hour in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now paused in his promenade and addressed the first mate. "Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are, eight days from Hampton-roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more casting soon, or we shall lose the outward-bound to chance customers."

"Very true, Capt. Benson," replied the first mate, who was at that moment standing on a gun and leaning against the starboard bulwarks, "but—Sail ho!" sung the look-out aloft. "Where away," hailed Benson, while all hands sprung up at the announcement. "Right ahead sir," was the reply.

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and all hands instantly mustered, riggals and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner, wing and wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of some thing professional, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour, Benson hailed the look-out; "mast head, there, what do you make her out to be?" "A large ship, sir," replied the look-out; "her starboard tacks boarded, standing to the south-west." Keep her more to the southward, Mr. Townsend, said Capt. Benson, on receipt of this information, "we'll cut her off." "She's a stout lump of a ship, sir," replied the mate, as he obeyed the order, she may be a man-of-war." "Very good, we have the weather-gage," answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look. In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance, looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after: for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer suddenly hauled her wind, and made all sail towards us, while the rapidity with which her course was changed and her canvas crowded, seemed proof positive that she was a man-of-war. This manœuvre produced some surprise on board the *Sparkler*.

"A Scotch prize, Capt. Benson," as he handed him the glass, observed the first mate. "Perhaps so," replied Capt. Benson, composedly, "clear away long Tom there, and double shot both batteries, we will soon see what she is." It was now about noon, and the vessels being in opposite courses, had approached within five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing. "The chase is now within range, sir," reported Townsend. "Very good, sir, let drive at him with long Tom and send up the gridiron at the fore," replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the

breeze, and the forty-two spoke in thunder at the moment the order was given.

There was a touch of his quality which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and the smoke clearing up, showed her bearing off before the wind crowding all sail. "So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, pointing out this change of course; "she is pulling her heel, and goes off before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom and open the magazine." We will try this fellow a little, any how." Mean while, on board the English West Indiaman (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected the schooner was an American privateer, and had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that she was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore Clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long 42, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all hope of frightening her, and now, as a last resource he put helm hard up and bore away to the southeast, hoping to leave his pursuer astern, until some other ship might heave in sight to save him. This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvas, made rapid headway. She was the largest class of English East Indiamen, about twelve hundred tons burden, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Jamaica, with very valuable cargo and a number of passengers; and to defend the whole, carried sixteen twelve pounders more, low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indiaman's deck backed by a hundred men. The conflict was now brief, and the English captain being struck down, his men conceiving further resistance useless, hauled down their colors, and surrendered; having thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name. Quarters being given to all, the wounded being handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, the remainder of the Indiaman's crew were sent on board the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages, and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the northwest standing in for the American coast. The injury to both vessels was principally in their upper-works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place, were soon plugged: and so continuing the repairs of masts, sails, &c., the Indiaman having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land. The passengers of the Indiaman were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin left entirely for their use. They were all requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched; and Capt. Benson having further assured them, that they should be landed at Bermuda if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn. About midnight, the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and continued until morning. Now it so happened that an English sloop-of-war of 24 guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy report of a single gun at intervals of a few minutes, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy, and passed through his main royal, and shortly after another walked through the bunt of all three of his topsails, and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter. "Now my lads," said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, "send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail." Continuing his course for a moment, that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close on the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt further escape, while every shot raked him fore and aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizzen top-gallant sails and flying jib, hauled up his courses, and prepared both batteries for close quarters, and his usual promptitude, his plan of operations was instantly laid; and running the schooner into the lee of the Indiaman, a line was thrown on board of her, by means of which three more were passed. "Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them along side and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indiaman and make all sail, for in this chase the prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her twin-decks cargo on deck with all speed. Further orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise." These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the davits as before. Thus well manned, the Indiaman was instantly under a cloud of canvas, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailor, and about equal on the wind (their course being N. N. W.) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this, shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three boomed merrily onward.

"There goes your launch, neighbor," said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him the quarterdeck of the schooner, as the ship's long boat was tossed overboard according to orders, while the stern and quarter boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet astir, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. I hope they will have a pleasant cruise. Perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me by-the-way, she is within range; here, haul that forty-two astir, some of you, we'll try Mr. Bull at long shots. The long Tom was accordingly hauled astir, elevated and let drive; the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war it was too nearly spent to do much injury. This, Mr. Bull determined to repair in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate so much, that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance shot, and Benson determined to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indiaman between him

and the sloop-of-war, and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign under the stars and stripes; and at her mast-head, her privateer signal and all her holy-day bunting usually sported by English West Indiamen. By thus placing the Indiaman between him and the man-of-war, where she was more likely to be hit than the sloop-of-war, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag. This was a true Yankee trick, and was for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful; the sloop-of-war was contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shots which one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always within her vicinity, and frequently plumb into her from the privateer's long forty-two; hoping thereby, (herself a prime sailor,) to rescue the Indiaman in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or to be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, while he should come down upon him with his reserved fire. Now this was all very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailors in his majesty's navy when going large (before the wind) was not so excellent when close hauled, and was destined of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying gib-boom, when on a bowline; accordingly, at this sentimental game, she did not make much. "Capt. Benson," said St. John as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing as fast as her long-tom could be served, "you would soon escape the sloop-of-war, by making sail on the schooner and leaving my ship to take her chance." "You don't say so, shipmate?" replied Benson, with a knowing wink and a true Yankee drawl. "Do tell! I don't do that are, sir, by a d—sight." "Sail ho!" hailed the look-out aloft. "Where away?" replied Benson quickly. "To windward, sir," answered the look-out; and in plain sight on the weather beam, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship, bearing down, which in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

"An English frigate, by the Lord," shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. "Now, Capt. Benson, what do you say? shall I take command in the name of his Britannic Majesty, God bless him; or will you flog both the ship and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There is nothing English about that craft, if I can read oakum." "I'll bet you dish of stewed cathepase legs and a tuckout of grog on that, brother Jonathan," continued St. John, jeeringly; but what is she then?" She is neither American, English, nor French," replied Benson, "and that is all I care for. If she was one of uncle Sam's forty-four gunners, they would be coming in for a share of the prize money, and I don't want any of their assistance, so I am satisfied as it is. Kill up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quarter-master."

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued the chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indiaman; and although the frigate was rapidly approaching, seemed to think she had nothing to fear. For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficient to bring the frigate within half a mile of the privateer, and her weather beam heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war. Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner was hoisted at the fore-sky-sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amidst its rustling folds, the armorial bearings of the battle ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glowing in the sunbeams, waved the meteor flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's stern, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at the main. "The English of that Capt. St. John," said Benson, smiling, "is heave-to and send your boat on board, and knock off firing, because I am between you; so belay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn round the hem-coop." He then made a signal for the Indiaman to heave-to; and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right along side of her prize, under her lee. —"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, "you will turn to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us, if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate. How's this?" he continued, pausing to address the crew. "The sloop-of-war has not hoisted her ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail." Continuing his course for a moment, that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close on the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt further escape, while every shot raked him fore and aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizzen top-gallant sails and flying jib, hauled up his courses, and prepared both batteries for close quarters, and his usual promptitude, his plan of operations was instantly laid; and running the schooner into the lee of the Indiaman, a line was thrown on board of her, by means of which three more were passed. "Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them along side and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indiaman and make all sail, for in this chase the prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her twin-decks cargo on deck with all speed. Further orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise." These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the davits as before. Thus well manned, the Indiaman was instantly under a cloud of canvas, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailor, and about equal on the wind (their course being N. N. W.) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this, shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three boomed merrily onward.

"That's a good one, Johnny War," shouted St. John, clapping his hands. "You perceive Captain Benson, that my countrymen yonder do not care a straw for the frigate's orders; she's neutral and has no business to interfere." The Indiaman, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half a mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merrily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second passed between his main and mizzen masts. That decided the point; and the sloop instantly backed her main top-sail, while her Captain jumped into his boat, pulled for the frigate chock full, and the sloop-of-war came under the Indiaman's stern, making for the same gangway. It being of course, beneath the Englishman's deck, the Indiaman's crew and passengers on board of her, and we'll then escape by running or fighting as it may happen." "That is very fair, sir," replied the Indiaman; "and with that, Capt. Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of thirty minutes truce, I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that we will consider it settled." As saying he returned upon deck, followed by the rivals. Capt. Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and suddenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eyes, which made him pause and give vent to several anathemas. Now it so chanced that the privateersmen, having nearly cleared the Indiaman of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment, tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea, in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases, boxes, &c., which lay about the Indiaman's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time. This was too much for Capt. Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron, that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indiaman. "That, sir," replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, is none of my business, and no part of Capt. Benson's agreement. He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo; you must helm that as you can. And furthermore, sir, he added sternly, if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So adieu, gentle-

my lord, I guess that are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love tape. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweetener as that, my lord, d—n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork barrel about east, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull," as he deliberately mounted the ladder, "wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that are. Oh! no, my lord, it was all an accident done on purpose. Come aboard, my lord, after me is manners." The Englishman out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath; while to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, tho' ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee. Once upon the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story while the Englishman stood by awaiting his turn. At length, he also, in obedience to the commands of the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story while the Englishman stood by awaiting his turn.

A THOUSAND CURES in cases deemed utterly hopeless have been established in its vast superiority over every former medical discovery. It has always been styled "Nature's own Prescription," being found chiefly from chemical extracts from Wild Cherry bark and Tar-water. The stages of CONSUMPTION.

A lady (address will be given at the New York Agency) has been given up by all of her physicians to die of consumption, but has recovered, and is now in full health.

A CARMAN, New York city, who had not slept, lying down, for 7 years, (being obliged to sleep in a sitting position) was cured by a few bottles of this Balsam in September and October, 1844.

A Williams, Esq., Attorney, &c., New York, cured of spasmodic asthma of 25 years' standing, certified to by Doctor Tallmadge and J. Power, D. D.

A CARMAN, New York city who had not slept, lying down, for 7 years, (being obliged to sleep in a sitting position) was cured by a few bottles of this Balsam in September and October, 1844.

Thomas Bradlee, Esq., J. P., Jamaica L. I., cured of asthma of 40 years' standing.

Mrs. Anna D. Hopkins, of Knowlesville, N. Y., entirely cured of liver complaint and general debility of eighteen months standing.

Jacob Hoffman, M. D., Huntington, cured a child of P. Schenck, of obstinate disease of the lungs after he had tried every remedy in vain.

"There is no variété in this Balsam," says the most convincing evidence that no one can doubt—fully establishes this fact. For the sake of brevity, we select the following from the

Isaac Platt, Esq., Editor of the *Post-Keepsake Eagle*, one of the most influential papers in the state of New York, states, under the authority of his own name, that a young lady a relative of his, of very delicate constitution, was taken ill in France in 1842, and was confined to bed for months, having had fits of hiccups, cough, fever, and other dangerous and alarming symptoms. Through medical treatment and care she partially recovered during the winter.

"Which course does your lordship intend to steer?" asked Benson, very innocently, wrinkling the Englishman. "Toward the American coast, sir," replied the Baron, understanding him at once. "That's just my course my lord," continued Benson demurely; "and I'll keep under your lordship's lee." "I'll be d—d if you shall, sir," broke Capt. Stanley, and the Baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice, "and more over, I shall allow no fighting between you, while my ship is in presence, and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There is nothing English about that craft, if I can read oakum." "I'll be d—d if you shall, sir," broke Capt. Stanley, and the Baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice, "and more over, I shall allow no fighting between you, while my ship is in presence, and the frigate?"

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